THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

of

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

presents

DIANNE VAASJO

violin

assisted by

JACK KONING

piano

Wednesday, March 24, 1976 at 5:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Sonata in E minor, Opus 5 — Corelli (1653-1713)
- Preludio
- Allemanda
- Sarabande
- Giga

Gavotte en Rondeau — Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Sonatina, Opus 100 — Anton Dvořák (1841-1904)
- Allegro risoluto
- Larghetto
- Scherzo
- Finale

Sonata in F major (Spring), Opus 24 — Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)
- Allegro
- Adagio molto espressivo
- Scherzo
- Rondo

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music Degree for Miss Vaasjo.

Les Berceaux

Along the quays, the large ships,
Rocked silently by the surge
Do not heed the cradles
Which the hands of the women rock,
But the day of farewells will come,
For the women are bound to weep,
And the inquisitive men
Must dare the horizons that lure them!
And on that day the large ships,
Fleeing from the vanishing port,
Feel their bulk held back
By the soul of the far away cradles.

Beau Soir

When, in the setting sun, the streams are posy,
And when a warm breeze floats over the fields of grain
A counsel to be happy seems to emanate from all things
And rise toward the troubled heart;
An advice to enjoy the pleasure of being alive,
While one is young and the evening is beautiful
For we shall go as this wave goes -
It, to the sea; we, to the grave.

Clair de Lune

Your soul is a chosen landscape
Where charming masqueraders and dancers are promenading
Playing the lute and dancing, and almost
Sad beneath their fantastic disguises
While singing in the minor key
Of triumphant love, and the pleasant life.
They seem not to believe in their happiness,
And their song blends with the moonlight,
The quiet moonlight, sad and lovely,
Which sets the birds in the trees adreaming
And makes the fountains sob with ecstacy,
The tall slim fountains amoung the marble statues.

Садок Вишневий

There is a cherry orchard by the house
The little bugs hum above the trees
The ploughmen return home with their plows
Singing, come the girls
While mother is waiting with supper.
The family dines by the house
The evening star rises
While the daughter is serving supper
Mother is trying to instruct her
But the nightengale will not let her.
Mother now puts her children to sleep by the house
She herself falls asleep beside them
Everything is quiet
Only the girls ...
And the nightengale are not.

Ой піду я межи гори

I am going out into the hills
To the evergreen forest
I am going out into the hills
Where the Boyko's live
And the fine music plays
To that music they gaily dance
There my beloved dark-haired one is on the high meadows
Oh how he plays his wooden flute
He sadly plays ...
But when he plays a happy tune
My heart beats
He was worried so he sat beneath a spruce tree
He did not know I was not far away
When the flute plays
My heart beats.

Estrano; Ah Forse Lui; Sempre Libera

It is strange ... it's strange!
His words are carved in my heart.
Would real love be a misfortune for me?
What do you say, my troubled soul?
No man has ever been your light.
Oh joy that I never knew,
of loving and being loved!
Shall I now disregard it for the empty follies of my life?
Ah! perhaps it is he, who when my soul was lonely and troubled,
used to tint it with invisible colors,
Invisible colors.
He who, humbly and watchfully came to the threshold of my sickroom and kindled in me a new fever
waking my heart to love!
Ah, such love, such love so tremulous!
Out of the universe, the heavenly universe
Mysteriously from on high came sorrow and gladness to the heart.
Folly! Folly! This is madness!
For me, a poor woman, alone and abandoned
In this populated desert which is called Paris
What am I hoping for? What should I do?
Enjoy myself! Then end in a vortex of dissipation.
Of joy I'll die!
Ever free my heart must be,
As I flit from joy to joy
I want my life to glide along the paths of pleasure
May the dying or dawning day always find me in haunts of mirth and to ever new delights may my thoughts soar and fly.